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THE HUE-and-SONG AFTER PATIENCE.

S. Have but a little PATIENCE, and you shall hear,
Patience, How PATIENCE had the Gift to Lie and Swear;
Wards How PATIENCE cou'd with PATIENCE stand a Lie ;
But (But PATIENCE wants to stand the PILLORY.)
Out of all PATIENCE, to the Hague He steers :
To stay He had not PATIENCE, for his EARS. *Engr'd ext'mo oī*

To the Tune of, *Hail to the Myrtle Shades.* *June 1683.*

I.

Hail to London fair Town
All hail to the Mayor & the Shrieves ;
Hail to the Scarlet Gown,
Whose Sentence our Patience grieves :
Justice and Law have prevail'd,
With PATIENCE a Verdict to find,
'Gainst Patience, whose conscience fail'd ;
Oh Patience ! why art so blind ?

II.

PATIENCE, the joy of the Town,
The comfort and hope of the Crowd ;
PATIENCE, who got Renown,
By Perjury, Lies and Fraud :
PATIENCE who ne'r had the Heart
His Sovereign's Rights to maintain ;
But Patience he had the Art
To Swear and Forswear again ;

III.

PATIENCE of Church and for State,
And Patience for Meetings by stealth ;
PATIENCE, who wou'd translate
The State to a Commonwealth :
Whose Zeal has his Patience betray'd,
To lie for the Saints in distress ;
Nay, tho' he's Forsworn, ('tis said,)
He Swore he could do no less.

IV.

PATIENCE, whose Zeal did contrive
The Monument Figures and Spire,
That while there's a Papist alive
We may not forget the fire :
The Pillory now is his Lot,
He has rais'd such a flame with his Crew,
That London is now too hot ;
Oh Patience ! where art thou now ?

V.

PATIENCE for Zeal to the Cause,
Did preach to the Captives in Goals ;
Patience, with great applause,
Gave large to an Hospital :
To USE now his Money may lend,
For Pomfret he'll never more stand,
Nor Warrants for Tories send,
T'please Titus o'th'Perjur'd Band.

VI.

PATIENCE with Coller of Brass,
To woful Disasters did fall ;
Patience with Copper Face,
And a Conscience worse than all ;
To Holland, to Holland he goes ;
For plainly now it appears,
(That in spight of all Whiggish Laws,)
Ignoramus can't save his Ears.

VII.

Some say that the Saints may not Swear,
But Lie ev'n as much as they can ;
Yet Patience in spight on's Ears,
Will Swear and Forswear again :
That Patience should be so far lost,
Alas ! who with Patience can hear ?
That a Saint should be Knight o'th' Post,
And an Elder without an Ear.

VIII.

Let ev'ry good Subject with Me,
Who Patience a Virtue doth praise,
Lest he fall into Perjury,
With Patience pray for Grace.
But now I with Patience have done,
Lest with Patience I keep such a Rout,
That astray more with Patience run,
And weary your Patience out.